Will I file off, you ſhall have garments, and
Perfumes to kill the ſmell o'th priſon, after
When you ſhall ſtretch your ſelfe, and ſay but *Arcite*
I am in plight, there ſhall be at your choyce
Both Sword, and Armour.

Pal. Oh you heavens, dares any
So noble beare a guilty buſines! none
But onely *Arcite*, therefore none but *Arcite*
In this kinde is ſo bold.

Arc. Sweete *Palamon.*

Pal. I doe embrace you, and your offer, for
Your offer doo't I onely, Sir your perſon
Without hipocriſy I may not wiſh
Winde hornes of Cornets.
More then my Swords edge ont.

Arc. You heare the Hornes;
Enter your Muſicke leaſt this match between's
Be croſt, er met, give me your hand, farewell.
Ile bring you every needfull thing: I pray you
Take comfort and be ſtrong.

Pal. Pray hold your promiſe;
And doe the deede with a bent brow, moſt certaine
You love me not, be rough with me, and powre
This oile out of your language; by this ayre
I could for each word, give a Cuffe: my ſtomach
not reconcild by reaſon,

Arc. Plainely ſpoken,
Yet pardon me hard language, when I ſpur
Winde hornes.
My horſe, I chide him not; content, and anger
In me have but one face. Harke Sir, they call
The ſcatterd to the Banket; you muſt gueſſe
I have an office there.

Pal. Sir your attendance
Cannot pleaſe heaven, and I know your office
Vnjuſtly is atcheev'd.

Arc. If a good title,
I am perſwaded this queſtion ſicke between's,

By

By bleeding muſt be cur'd. I am
That to your Sword you will be
And talke of it no more.

Pal. But this one word;
You are going now to gaze upo
For note you, mine ſhe is.

Arc, Nay then.

Pal. Nay pray you,
You talke of feeding me to bree
You are going now to looke up
That ſtrengthens what it lookes
You have a vantage ore me, but
I may enforce my remedy. Fare

Scæna 2. *Enter Iayl*

Daugh. He has miſtooke; the
After his fancy, Tis now welni
No matter, would it were perpe
And darkenes Lord o'th world,
In me hath greife ſlaine feare, an
I care for nothing, and that's T
I wreake not if the wolves wou
He had this File; what if I hall
I cannot hallow: if I whoop'd;
If he not anſweard, I ſhould cal
And doe him but that ſervice. I
Strange howles this live-long
They have made prey of him? h
He cannot run, the Iengling of
Might call fell things to liſten,
A ſence to know a man unarm
Smell where reſiſtance is. Ile ſ
He's torne to peeces, they how
And then they feed on him: So
Be bold to ring the Bell; how
All's char'd when he is gone, N
My Father's to be hang'd for
My ſelfe to beg, if I prizd life
As to deny my act, but that I

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